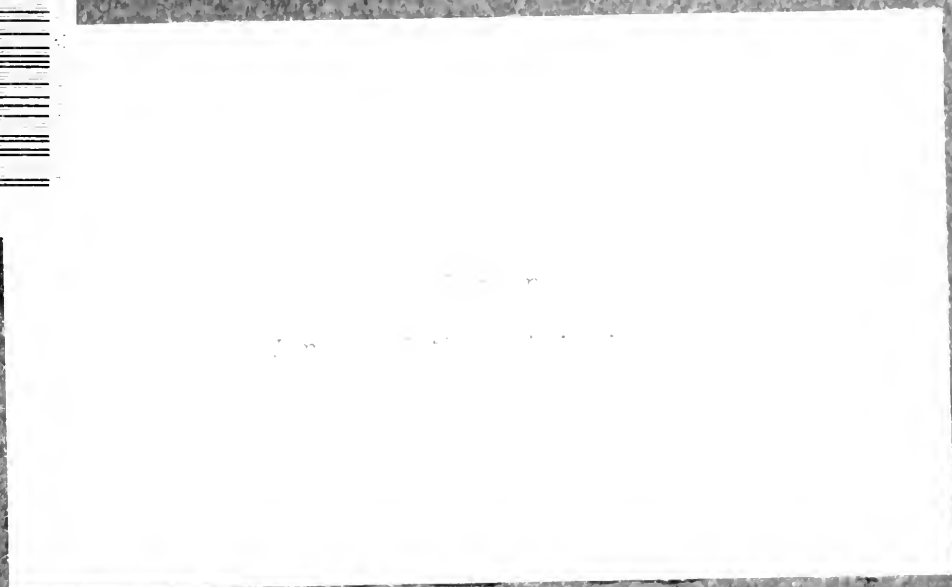


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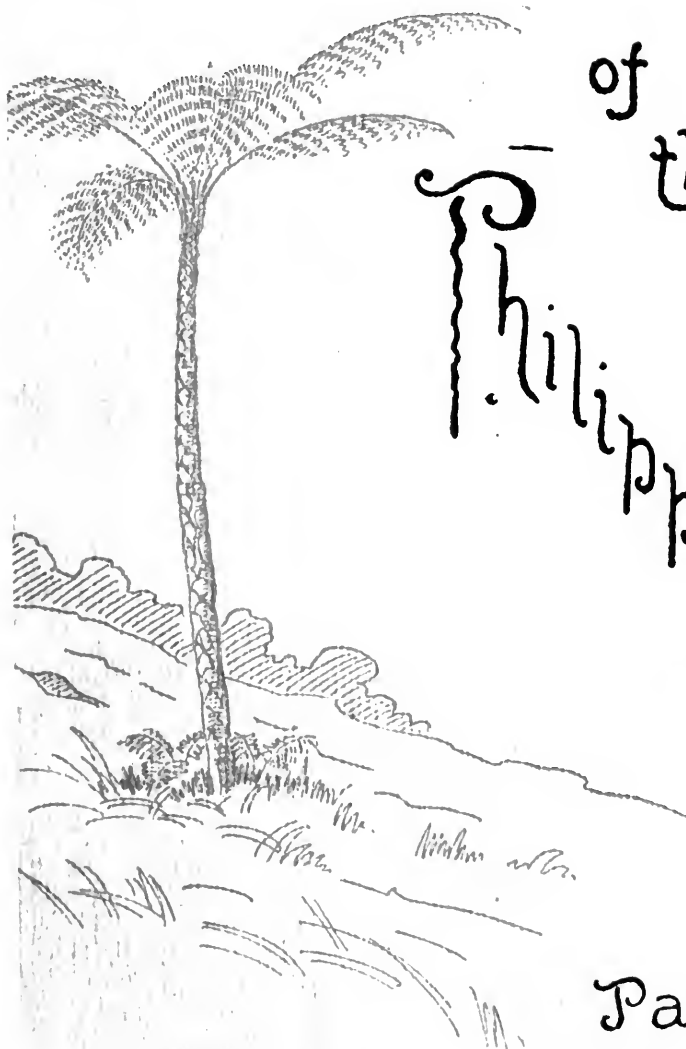
Clark J. Milliron

VERSES



of
the

Philippines



Parker.

VERSES
OF THE
PHILIPPINES

Illustrated.

LUTHER PARKER

DECEMBER 1911



Published by
SQUIRES BINGHAM CO.
MANILA, P. I.

TO MY MOTHER

Whose long life self-sacrificing
devotion to duty has served as
inspiration to higher things.
this little book is
lovingly dedicated.

And those who rule must
walk aright before the watchful *Tao*
For what is done in Cagayan is
known in Mindanao.

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THINGS WORTH WHILE

824950



Group of half-caste children of American fathers and Igorrote mothers. These children are under the care of Mrs. Hargreaves of the Easter School, near Baguio, Mountain Province, P. I., and are being raised in homelike surroundings and taught to make their own living. Mrs. Hargreaves is seen in the background near the center of the group.

TO THE READER.

This little book is a mild form of hold up, the proceeds from which are to be dedicated to a Cause.

The author, desiring to give, and having nothing to give, conceived this plan of gently relieving his friends and their friends, and their friends, ad infinitum, let us hope, of their hard and carefully hoarded pesos.

Since the product of the pen is considered legitimate property, (if any one can be induced to buy it,) the author has taken some of his kindest and most unwary friends at their word when they quietly led him to one side and expressed their pleasure at reading some vagrant verse that had escaped the vigilant eyes of an editor and had been set up and sent out, and this is their terrible retribution.

To those who do not care for verse unless the last word of each line rhymes, I must apologize, because I could not make some of them rhyme to save me, but in such cases I beg to call attention to the pictures, which it is hoped, will make up for any deficiencies.

‘Seriously, the subject of miscegenation in the Philippines is one that must be faced and the problem of what is to be done with the abandoned children of Anglo-Saxon fathers and Filipina mothers must be solved by those great hearted members of our nation whose sympathies are aroused by a knowledge of the suffering and degradation that is to be the lot in a very few years of those winsome little half-caste girls who are growing up in ignorance, literally by the hundreds, all over the archipelago, from the land of the head hunters of Luzon, where some deserter from the army took to his shack a daughter of the wild man and later deserted her when the trail became too warm, to the land of the Moro of Mindanao, where white men, with no pride of race, have carelessly left to the future a problem in the harmonization of the Orient and the Occident that appals the more conscientious with its terrible import.

It is calculated that at the present time, 1911, there are between five hundred and one thousand American half-castes in the Philippine Islands, a large number of whom are illegitimate and abandoned by their reckless progenitors.

Besides these children, who are the subjects of our solicitude, there is a large number of children of lawful marriages, who will be abandoned when their fathers return to America, as many of them will finally do.

Enough cases have been observed to make it evident that, as a usual rule, a Filipina woman when deserted by her American partner

mour or husband, as the case may be, goes to live with some Chinaman or Filipino who offers her a living for herself and children.

Figure to yourself, reader, the future of such children, especially if they be female.

That is the reason that there is a wide spread effort to create a fund to rescue such children from the fate that awaits them and place them in some such institution as that of the Easter School, at Baguio, where the climatic conditions, taken together with the home training they receive, seem to be the most ideal in the Islands for producing a superior type of Eurasian, and of making useful and virile citizens of what would otherwise be the very dregs of society, doomed by the lascivious blood of their reckless progenitors and the accident of birth, to a life of the lowest.

For that ever increasing number of Americans who are irreparably identifying themselves socially with the life of the Philippines the author has no censure, but a very great sympathy for the man, cut off from home, friends and loved ones by ten thousand miles, who in his utter loneliness of spirit seeks companionship and love of whatever human being can break the unendurable monotony of existence in the tropics.

A few years ago the author attempted to express this situation in a few published verses entitled "The Squaw Man's Justification" which may not be out of place here in order to broaden the sympathy of those who might be inclined to too severely censure the white man in the tropics where none but the most puritanical or those possessed of a great pride of race can resist the allurements that increase by the square of the distance from the pole to the equator.

THE SQUAW MAN'S JUSTIFICATION

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon blood has leaped in the veins
of men.

Wherever the glint of sunny hair has lighted the savage's
den.

He's captured some dark-skinned maiden's heart by the
force of an inward fire.

And she's left her tribe and her flesh and blood to follow
her heart's desire.

He comes like a God to her dull-eyed view, with his kind-
ness learned of men

Who can trace their blood to the knights of old, to the
chivalrous period when

The woman was worshiped next to God, and a wave of her
dainty hand,
Would scatter her servitors over the world to obey a slight
command.

Small wonder, then, that the White's a god in the heart of
a dark-skinned maid
In whom nature has softened the mark of Cain to a less
repulsive shade.
The burning desire of every one of the daughters of
Mother Night
Is to change the color that nature gave to the heavenly
gift of white.

Who dares to dictate to the man that chooses an exile's lot,
And wants a woman's companionship if she's only a Hot-
tentot ?
A man whose home is the wide, free earth, whose roving
fancies play
From the whale-oil scented Esquimaux to the passionless
Malay.

What force has the formal aesthete's sneer to the man
who is color blind,
Who gambles his life on the world's frontier 'mongst the
dregs of humankind ?
Where the iron laws of a civilized land have never set their
seal,
And it's easier far with the living Brown than a white, but
cold, Ideal.

And so 'twill be till the end of time where the laws of na-
ture hold,
When the brave White enters the trackless wild to follow
the glint of gold,
Who finds his happiness as he goes and lacks the ascetic's
ken,
And follows the primitive laws of life and not the rules of
men.

For the information of those who are not conversant with the movement in the Philippines to look after the abandoned half-castes, a resume of what has been done is here given.

On January 19, 1911, the Manila Cablesnews-American published a story of some abandoned children in need in Manila, and I, personally, investigated the case and found it pitiable. In order to arouse interest in such cases among the general public I sent the following letter to the Cablesnews-American which the editor kindly published.

Manila, January 19, 1911.

Editor of the Cablesnews-American.

Dear Sir: -

Your little "Human Interest" story in this morning's issue of the Cablesnews regarding the abandoned children of the sick detective and their deplorable condition opens up a big question and one that bespeaks the best efforts of the great hearted Americans to be found in all communities, who give of their time, and store, and human sympathy, without stint, for the alleviation of suffering, especially of those who are innocent of all wrong, as are the many abandoned American mestizo children in these Islands.

It somehow gives one a queer catch in the throat to ride through a barrio and encounter a dirty little chap clothed in rags, but with the frank, blue eyes and the light hair, and maybe the freckles of a typical American boy, and upon addressing him in English have him answer in some dialect as he looks up wistfully at the white man whose heritage of language even is denied him by circumstances.

However wrong the principle may be of the mixing of the races, the fact remains that such a mixture is going on, and under circumstances that predoom the issue of such ill formed unions to a life of poverty and abandonment.

The man who is responsible for such a condition is sometimes of such a type that he cannot be reached by any moral considerations and he leaves his children to an ignominious life in poverty and ignorance, often accentuated by the contrast between his care of them while he remains in the islands and their subsequent descent through poverty to the very depths of society as is instanced in the case cited.

This story is an old, old one and it has been threshed out thoroughly in Spanish times and provided for by those noble Spanish

women who aided in founding the orphan asylum known as the "Asilo de Huerfanos" and which received the deepest sympathy and help that could be given by both the fathers of the Augustinian church, upon whom the burden finally fell, and of the government.

Here are some of the names of the noble Doñas who so ably managed the movement that had for its purpose the care and training of the orphans and especially those of Spanish parentage who had been abandoned by the return of their fathers to Spain, or whose Spanish fathers had died, leaving destitute families.

This is how the Spanish attacked the problem. I quote from the history of the Augustinians, Madrid, 1909, by Padre Martinez, page 338.

"In the office of the Secretary and the Governor General, on the 27th of August, 1882, upon the initiative of Senora de Arzacollar, and under her presidency, took place, in the Malacañang, provisional residence of the Governor General of the Archipelago, a reunion of dames, brilliant and numerous, and the most distinguished of the capital, and in which were represented all classes of society without regard to race, the object of which was to collect funds for the succor of children of both sexes, orphans who had been made so by the great epidemic then reigning.

The noble and compassionate dames here gathered, animated by the sentiments of humanity and charity of the Christian woman, accepted the task with gladness, and promised, without exception, to dedicate their own time and resources to the plan, and open a subscription to the charitable of the islands. Padre Font, Augustinian, who was present at this meeting, recommended to the Junta de Damas that they co-operate with the Augustinians in giving effect to a plan long considered, to found in Manila an asylum for orphans of both sexes, especially of Spaniards, whose number is augmented day by day, and who are to be seen, vagabonds and abandoned, in the streets of the city. The Junta de Damas decided to cooperate with the corporation and by public subscription obtained 34,131 pesos which was afterwards used to take care of the many orphans in the different asylums where they were educated by the Augustinians to whom the care of the orphans was assigned upon petition of the Junta de Damas, Dec. 22, 1882."

This petition was signed by the following named ladies whose names should be known to Americans as well as Spaniards, in order that all honor may be done their memory and noble work:

Vice Pres. Mercedes Primo de Rivera de Coldechea; Rosario Castañeda de Montojo; Manuela Perez de las Heras; Luisa Sanz de Sanz; Juana G. de St. Just de Gamiir; Secretary, Dolores de la Escosura de Escosura; Trinidad de Ayala de Zobel; Emilia T. de Rocha.

It has been noted that the American soldier's abandoned children usually have for mother a woman of the poorer class, which makes it impossible for her to properly care for her children and give them the place in life that their blood entitles them to.

What American woman can contemplate with equanimity the fate of these little slips of American girls growing to womanhood rapidly in the provinces and whose poverty subjects them to the fell designs of whatever person would willingly obtain possession of them under the old customs of this country that makes slavery for debt a real thing, though the law condemns it and everybody loudly disclaims its existence.

Nevertheless these little girls will fall prey to the Chinese money-lenders and the sporty mestizos of the country, who will soon awake to the real significance of the situation and control it, unless something is done in an organized way to protect these unfortunate children from the fate that lies in store for them.

To me the thought of meeting an American girl, barefoot, in rags and in poverty, toting rice along the muddy carabao trail in some barrio, with her owner and master trudging along behind, carrying an umbrella or rooster, is unbearable. How does it affect you? Are you willing to forego the cost of a game of bridge, a box at the opera, a little dinner to friends, and put the price of it into an institution that will care for all deserving cases of abandoned or needy American children giving them a home with Americans, if possible, an orphan's home otherwise, where they will have an opportunity to grow into men and women as befits their blood instead of growing up as slaves and worthless vagabonds? A nation's culture is measured, not by the number of its schools, authors, or rich men, but by the attitude of its people toward the unfortunate.

'Am I the keeper of my wayward brother's children?' must soon be answered in the affirmative by very definite action in this country, or the American community as a whole must stand convicted of holding the same attitude toward life in the Philippines as the transient soldier or civilian whose state of culture is such that he can not or will not realize his responsibility before God and society for his actions.

Those of you who have concerned yourselves so earnestly as to the welfare of the patient carabao, and his overloading by his avaricious master; those who have wept at the sight of the cruel blows showered upon the raw back of the thin and defenseless native pony; those who have studied to alleviate the suffering of the infants of Manila, and to save the lives of the unfortunate victims of tuberculosis, have before you a subject worthy of the deepest sympathy, most profound consideration and quickest action consistent with a right solution of the problem.

The movement in the states to find homes for homeless children is a familiar one to all Americans. How much more is there needed such a movement here!

The wrong has been done, is being done, and will continue as long as our occupation of the country continues, and the effects of such wrongs are going to become more evident as time goes on.

This is an appeal.

What are you going to do? Who will head a movement to form a corporation to take care of abandoned or needy American half-castes?

LUTHER PARKER

This appeal met an immediate response and this particular case was taken care of.

The keeper of the Binondo Cafe very generously has set aside the receipts of one day each week to be given to the Cablenews-American Half-Caste fund, which is being held in trust by the charitable directors of that periodical, for needy cases, and is to be used in establishing a permanent institution when enough funds are available for such a purpose.

The object of this little book, therefore, is to arouse an interest in this noble cause and by means of voluntary subscriptions make it possible to gather up the abandoned children from all over the islands and place them in an institution under good climatic conditions, where they will receive suitable care and instruction in order that they may realize, to some degree, those advantages of the birthright denied them by circumstances.

The publishers have very kindly given all their profit on this work to the fund and I have been assured by editors and friends in business of their cooperation, gratis, in handling sales, so that as much may be realized as possible for the fund, for all of which the undersigned is grateful and hereby expresses the gratefulness of the children who will be benefited by such generosity many years before they will realize their indebtedness.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters", not in hopes that it shall return to you after many days but that it will feed some hungry being.

LUTHER PARKER,

Manila, P. I.,

May 20, 1911.



—the clean swept bamboos stand.

WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOWS

When the North Wind blows in the Philippines

My soul flies free.

Crystal and Pearl are the waking dreams

That come to me.

Down from the distant frost-bound Pole.

Driving aback

Mists and damp and the choking toll

Of the tropic rack:

Down to the very heart of Heat.

The pure breath goes.

And I am afloat in its incense sweet.

When the North Wind blows.





Over the fragrant rice-sown land.

Waving, the clean swept bamboos stand,

Side by side:

Over the fragrant rice-sown land.

The ripples ride.

Comes from the wind-swept forest steep.

The song bird's trill.

High o'erhead the soft clouds sweep.

With vagrant will.

Earth-born mountain ranges bold.

Would reach the snows.

Morns of silver and eves of gold.

When the North Wind blows.



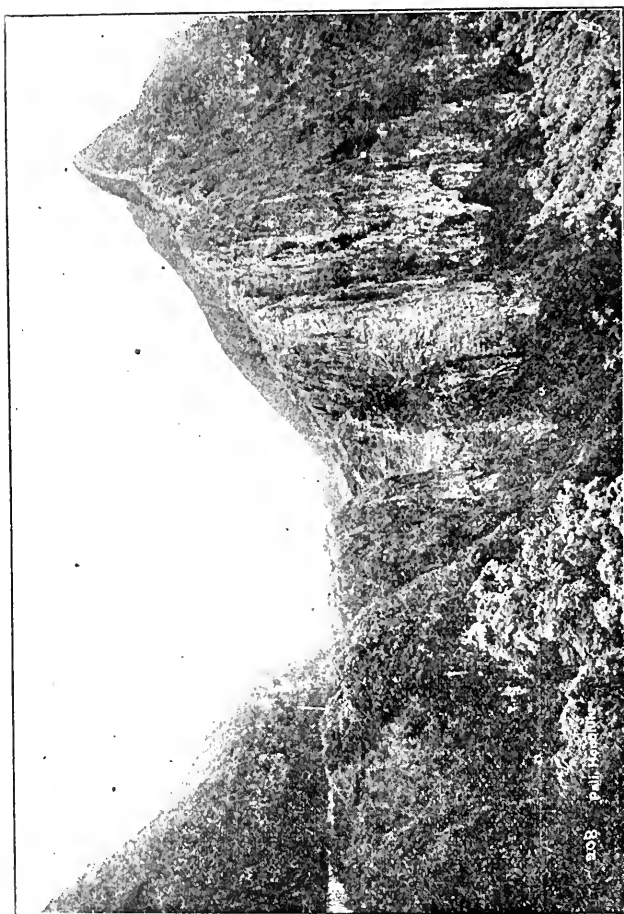


—with mist manes bare.

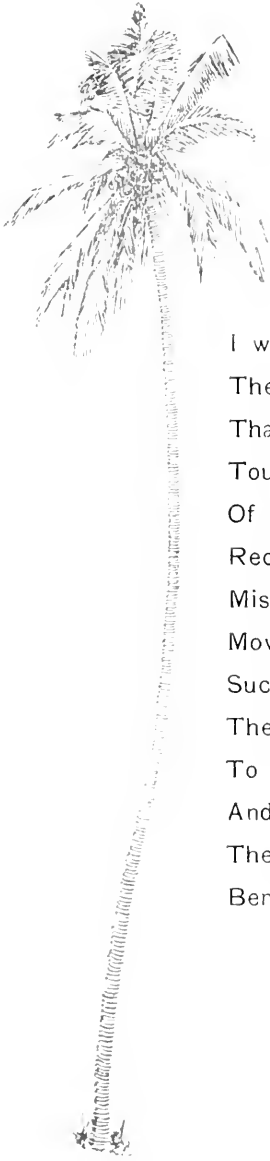
Frost-touched breath of Sinukuan, *
 From cool heights free:
Peace and rest as the wind sweeps on.
 Come to me.
Hints of the matted orchid glades.
 In perfumes rare:
Music of leaping cavalcades.
 With mist manes bare:
Passion and hate and worry flee.
 At each day's close:
Contentment reigns and my soul flies free.
 When the North Wind blows.



* Sinukuan, the Malay god of Mt. Sinukuan or Mount Ateneo.



| watch, entranced, from hills above the sea.



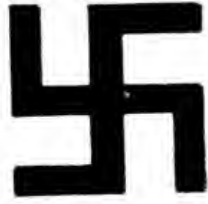
HONOLULU

Sweet Nature paints today.

I watch, entranced, from hills above the sea
The Artist, paints and brush behind the veil
That mortal eye debars, with swift and dainty
Touch, lays on. Cloud shadows mark the sweep
Of brush. Deep, intense, the off-shore blue
Recedes to meet the echoing sky. Dim,
Misty tints of green, above the coral.
Move, shimmer, disappear, as mood
Succeeds to mood in brooding nature's heart.
The shore line, touched by vivid green, sweeps on
To carmine cliff, austere, pyramidal.
And nestling close in vale and mist-swept gorge,
The man-made city glows and palpitates.
Beneath the Artist Nature's sun-dipped brush.



of the sunlit tropic isles.



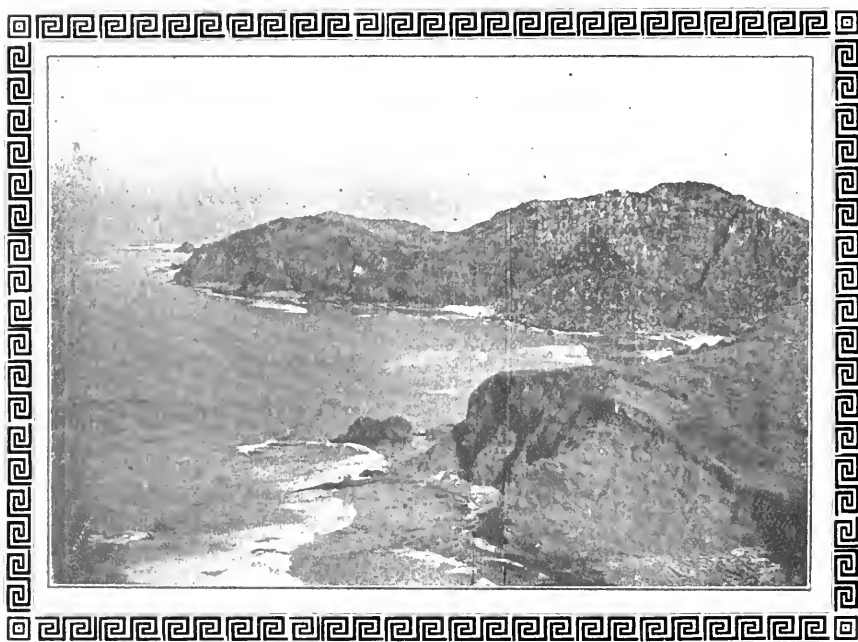
BACK

Back, to the Aryan's place of birth, to the
East's elusive charm,

They come who have tasted the ease of life
where the ardent sun rays warm

The blood of a race that age by age has battled
the bitter cold,

And circled at last the stern old Earth in the
fierce, hot fight for gold.



—of the farthest loneliest spot.

Back, from a land where rampant wrong causeth the heart to
quail

And tremble for fear that the Goddess Right may not in the
end prevail.

To a land where ever the highest test to the soul must be
applied.

Or the task, self-set, will fail, at the last, and humble the
Worker's pride.

Back, where the wave-kissed, green-crowned shores of the
sunlit, tropic isles,

Reach out with the strength of a mute appeal and the grasp
of the Orient wiles,

And grip the heart of the pioneer of the farthest, loneliest
spot

With a hold that's deep as the roots of life and broad as the
White Man's lot.





and are followed by servile feet.

Back. to the land where the free soul strives for the altruistic view,

That brightens the sordid things of life and carries the tired heart through.

When the low-hung clouds have a sable side and the silver lining's gone.

And only the faith of a tireless seer can carry the worker on.

Back. to the very edge of Things. where life flows smooth and sweet.

Where the strong command with a god-like hand and are followed by servile feet.

Where the ultimate test is the power to do and to justify the race

That has undertaken to raise the Ruled into the Ruler's place.





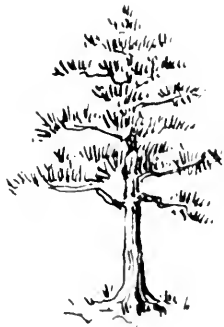
—the swell of the summer seas.

So still they turn to the rising sun, who've tasted
the Orient's draught,

Some for a sight of the rainbow's end and some
for the sake of craft:

And others, the swell of the summer seas and
warmth of the southern sun,

But most for pride in their own tried strength
and love of a task well done.





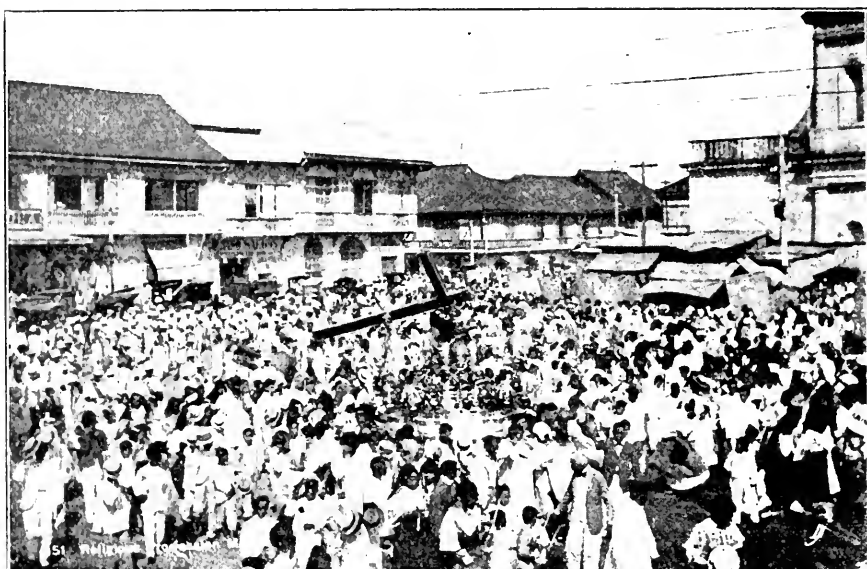
The sordid tropic life—.



WHENE'ER I DREAM OF YOU

Whene'er I dream of you, my Love.
My long-lost Love, and dreaming, wake.
The sordid, tropic life a moment
Holds aloof, and all the common
Sounds are glorified, and take
The tone that only Youth and Love
Can give upon a scented morn.

The Heaven born muse descends
A brief heart beat, to set my thoughts
To rhythmic pace. Your perfumed breath
Sweeps o'er me as the fingers
Sweep a harp. And all my soul
Responds, whene'er I dream of you.



the churchward plodding crowds.



A PHILIPPINE CHRISTMAS

The cracked and clanging barrio bells ring out in wild discord.
To tell the churchward plodding crowds the story of the Lord.
Whose humble birth the Orient star foretold in ancient times.
Till now around the whole glad world resound the Christmas
chimes.

Against the blue December sky the dead volcanoes stand.
And point the origin and end of this untutored land:
And while the drooping, tropic plants swoon neath the
Christmas sun,
Our thoughts drift back to by-gone years whose course is long
since run.





—the dead volcanoes stand.

To years when sleigh bells made the heart to leap with keen-
est joys.

And groaning pantries gripped the thoughts of ever hungry
boys.

When red-cheeked cousins claimed the kiss from shy but lov-
ing maids.

Then hand in hand went racing off, intent on barnyard raids

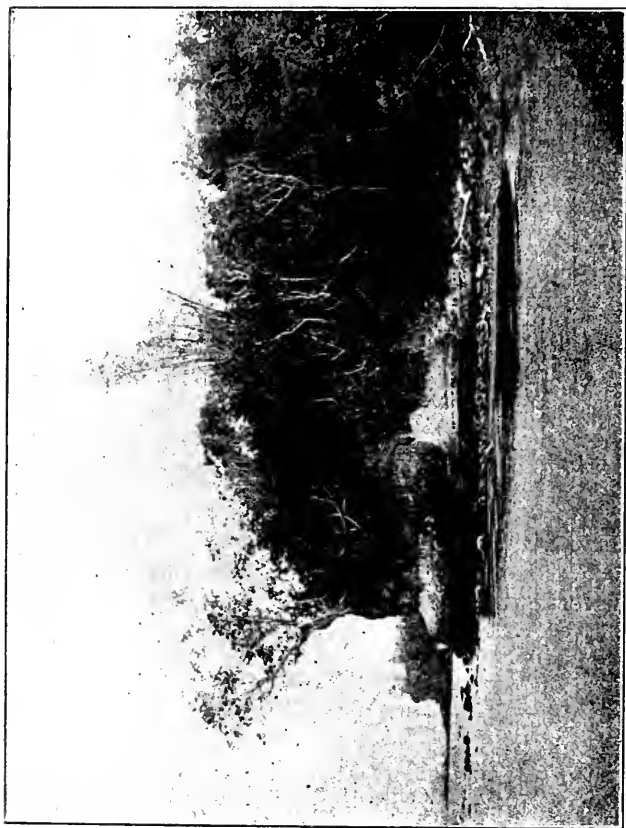
Beat on fierce sun! Send down your rays on this our Christ-
mas day:

But hearts and thoughts will heed you not, for both are far
away

Where home and love hold festival and cherish all that's dear.

And send forth world-mad wanderers with every passing year





The next pink sea-shell fairer seems.

THE WORLD-WIDE WANDERER

Before the lone, rapt traveler, the long white trail leads out
To meet the far horizon line that summons with a shout.

A vine-clad cottage harbors grief behind the first, sad turn.

Where loved ones weep in loneliness with bitter tears that
burn.

Because the World-wide Wanderer writhes in the roaming
thrall,

And severs all that heart holds dear to heed the subtle call.

The wild bird's sweet, alluring note leads on from tree to tree.

And flitting butterflies beguile with bright wings glancing free:

The next pink sea-shell fairer seems and beckons to the turn

Where e'er and aye the fatuous lights of dim mirages burn.

While in the midst of weary leagues a loved, remembered face

Bids rest in full forgetfulness of loss or time or space.





vine-crossed jungle paths.



The burning road that follows on and on through desert drear.
Or vine-crossed jungle paths that lead where bravest hearts
might fear.

Can not deter the wanderer nor turn his feet aside
From harking forth on trackless ways that lead him far and
wide.

And e'en the thought that tries the heart, the tugging
thought of home.

Has not the strength to change his course nor stay the feet
that roam.

Though Mem'ry echoes to the sound of voices lost and sweet
The strongest ties have not the power to bind the Wanderer's
feet.

Though far ahead are paths that cross where loved ones
meet a space.

To gaze with long and yearning looks in the Vagrant's mist-
wraith face.

To him, o'er all, the star that points the way in a distant land
And only those who know the call, as he, can understand.





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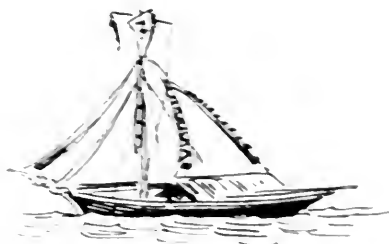
The Exile's Prayer

Help me, Thou great Infinitude, as the tangling, current be.
And the mumbled prayers of the barrio on the evening
breezes swell.

Help me to feel that the darkened soul erased in its smart abode,
Is a part of the same great caravan and travels the self-same road.

Help me, the view of the ancient past with honesty to face,
And cast my soul in the dust of facts from the pride-girt
heights of race;

Help me acknowledge my own for-bearers, in the history of man
Were as mild as the fiercest Malay tribe, or the savagest pirate
clan.



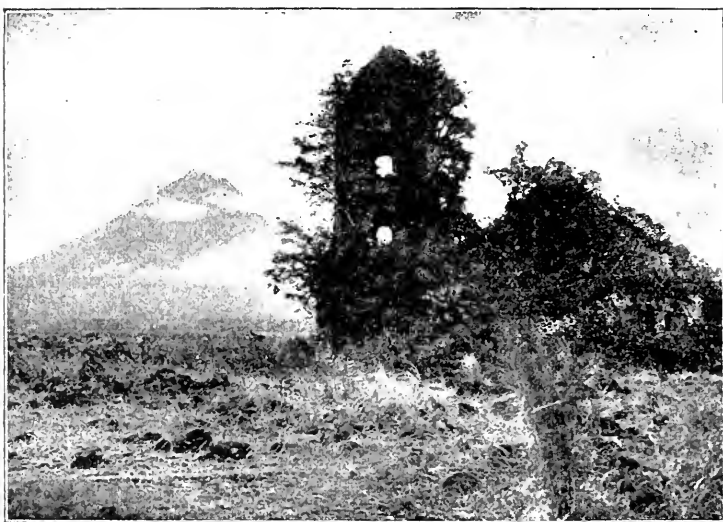


--though its vesture be black as night.

U hasten my heart when it swells with pride because of its
raiment white,
And teach it to feel that a soul's a soul, though its vesture be
black as night;
Make me content when my heart grows hot in the midst of the
stubborn strife
With the sullen tao who declines to learn though I give up my
very life.

In the seemingly useless, thankless task, that long before
my birth
The hands of Fate had well designed as a test of the Saxon worth,
And the altruistic nation's sons who would usher in the morn,
When lives would be willingly sacrificed for a strange race yet
unborn.





Old church at Daraga.

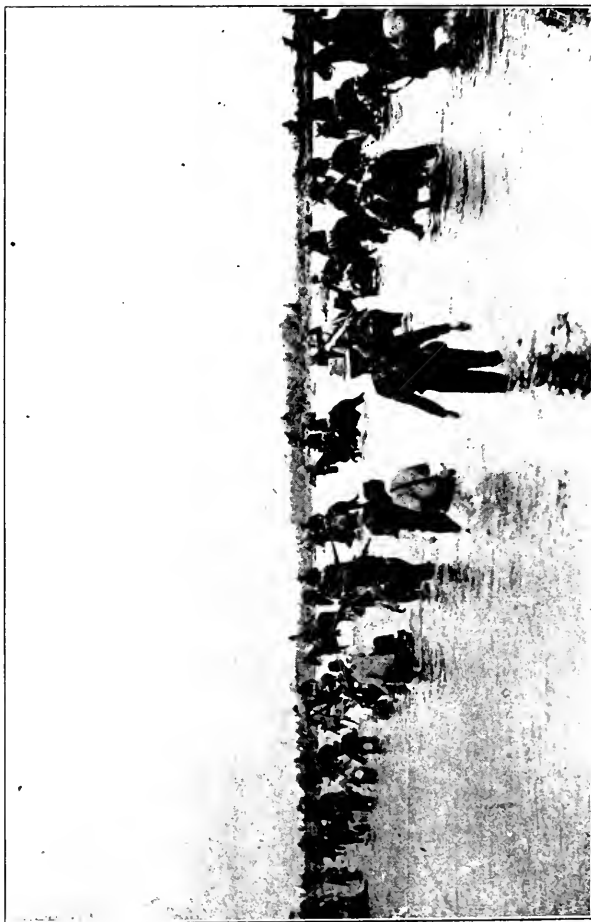
THE TEMPLE OF SORROW

Touch not these sacred steps with curious feet.
For those who enter here must crawl in agony.
With anguished heart and features sore to view.
With soul and body seized by bitter pain.

Seek not to view ! Thy sorrowing turn will come.
When, humbled to the dust, with writhing form.
The gloomy portal passed, thy tear-dimmed eyes
Will sense the altar heaped with precious hopes.

All roads pass by this Temple old, as old
As sentient human hearts, and loves and hopes:
Tomorrow you may wretched lie before
The priceless altar built of broken hearts.

Back ! Back ! Step back, thou curious fool !
Contain thy soul in patience till the Priestess
Sorrow signs, then enter thou alone
Of all the world, into the Temple doors.



while his comrades march away.

THE PIONEER

(Dedicated to the Man at the Jumping Off Place)

Gently untwine Affection's arms that would hold you in fond
embrace.

And sever love's soft tendrils that would bind you to one dear
place:

Suppress the tears of bitter salt that your eyes may be clear
to see.

For the pioneer must face his task with heart and hands both
free.

The soldier who lists to pleasure's voice is lost to the firing
line,

The bugle will sound the march in vain for the worshippers
of the vine;

And he who loiters beside his love, while his comrades march
away.

Will merit the censure he'll receive at the end of the hard
fought day.





as he stands on a dreary post.



The pioneer must spring to his post with eyes that never dim.
And see no form with the mind's fond eye but that of duty
grim.

His to control the rebellious heart that is faint for love's sweet
sake.

For the pioneer must have no ties that a good, strong pull
can't break.

His to repulse the bolo rush as he stands on a dreary post.

Or spend the years in the crazing heat on a fever laden coast.

His to endure the dead routine in some bare unsightly place.

Far from the heartening life of home or the sight of a loved
one's face.





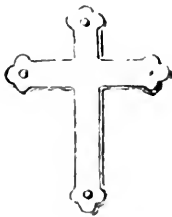
- till the last fierce sun goes down.

His to limit the trackless wild while his brother
man builds the town.

His to brazen the burning west till the last fierce
sun goes down.

His to bear an untarnished shield, tireless, alert
and brave.

'Til his sorrowing comrades lay him to rest in a
pioneer's grave





—Play of the pliant. giant bole —.

THINGS WORTH WHILE

These are the things that should be worth while it seems to
me:

Play of the pliant, giant bole when the wind swings free:

Dimpling of velvety, grassy slopes as they skyward fling:

Droop of the dripping, fragrant ferns by the cold, sweet
spring.

Purling of idie, wandering brooks as they onward go:

Glimpses of foaming cataracts as they downward flow:

Pungent aroma of sweet rose lanes in the dewy morn:

Music and lilt of the wild birds song from the silky corn





—glimpses of foaming cataracts.

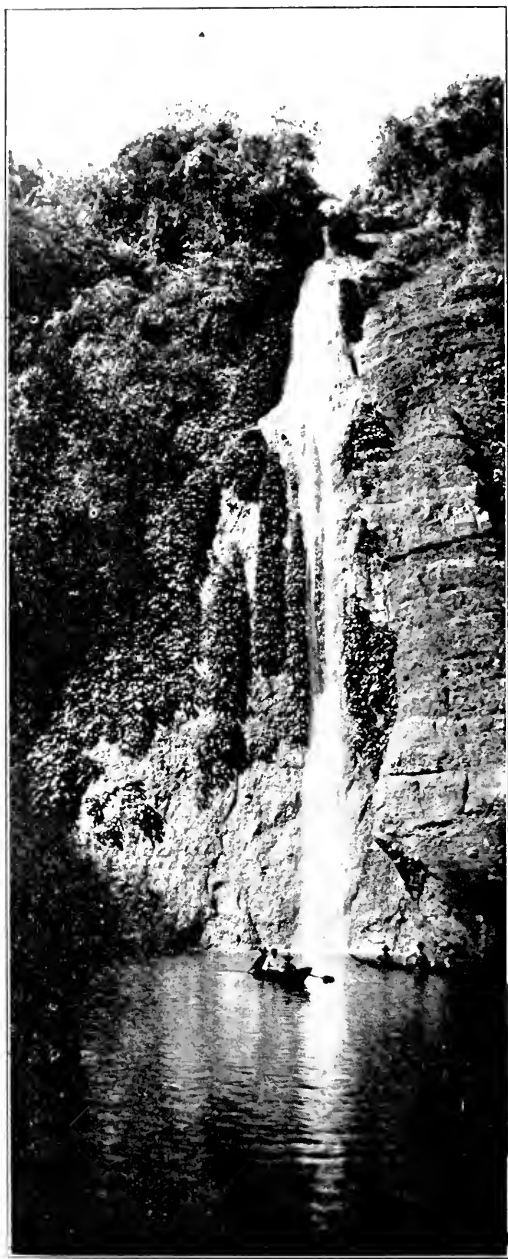
Blue of the freshened wind swept sky and
the swaying flowers:

Shift and change of the winding road and
its hidden bowers:

Purple of distant mountain peaks and the
sheer cliff's fall:

Answer of yucca studded hills to the
desert's call.





— the sheer cliff's fall.

Tinkle of bells in the distant dell in the
drowsy noon:

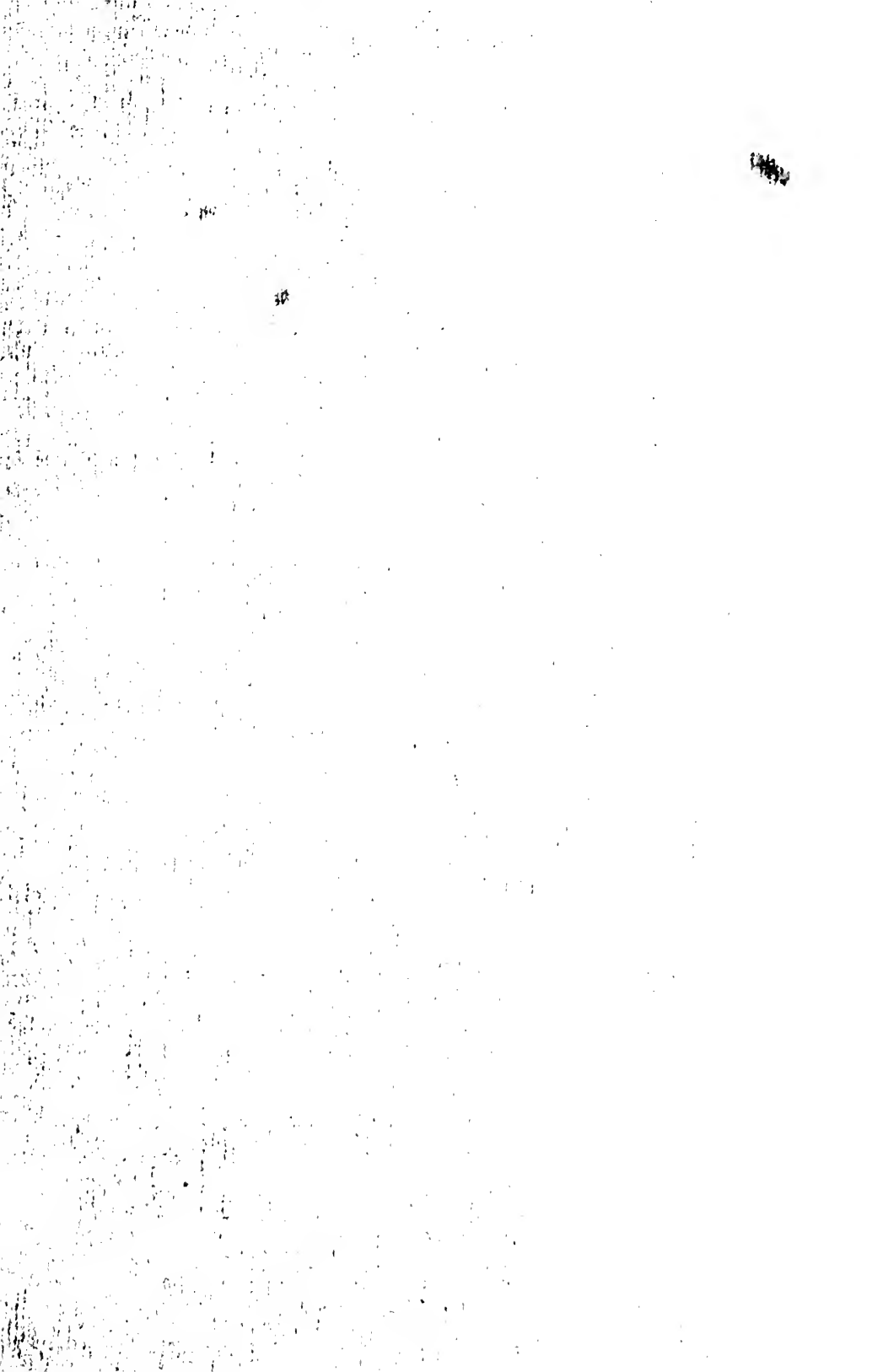
Song of the earth to the listening soul
when the world's in tune:

Long, dim aisles with the moss festoons
from tree to tree:

These and a friend with a kindred soul
are enough for me.



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